The Perfect Costume

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The Costume Box
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Chapter 1

The Perfect Costume

She was known throughout the town as the go-to seamstress for the highest quality costumes, be it for the school play, a birthday party, or her busiest season, Halloween. Sure, her prices were a bit high, but if you could get one of her costumes, you were guaranteed to have one of the most amazing costumes of all time.

She sat in her favorite armchair, listening to her latest customer as he complained to his mom about how boring this whole experience was. He rolled his eyes as his mom assured him that he would have the perfect costume.

"I think I'm ready for him." The seamstress said with a smile. "I'll just take you to the back room to get your measurements, young man."

"Go." His mom said, giving him a look undeniably reminding him to be on his best behavior. He stood up and shuffled off after the seamstress, feet scraping against the floor.

"Alright, just stand up on that stool there please. Leslie, was it?"

"It's Connor." He said in confusion.

"Oh, pardon me. Leslie was my last customer." She began to look through bolts of fabric as he got up on the stool. She smiled and counted to three before turning around with the measuring tape in her hands. She took a few cursory

measurements of the boy, if only to test that the spell of the stool had taken hold and he could not move so much as a finger. "Alright, now we can get to work."

Connor could only stare at his reflection over the course of the next twenty minutes as the seamstress turned him from a rough and tumble boy to a prissy little powder puff, covered from head to toe in frills and lace, the very epitome of any red blooded boy's worst nightmare. She had grown quite talented over the last few years and the boy had not even noticed that she had only mimed putting a wig on his head and the blonde curls cascading down his shoulders were all natural. She smiled and stood back, admiring her work.

"How about we go and show your mother?"

"What the hell did you do to me?" Connor exclaimed, realizing he could move for the first time in nearly half an hour. She smiled and mimed zipping her lips so that the outraged boy lost his ability to speak for the moment.

"We're going to go out there, with you, my precious little sissy, taking little mincing steps, and you're going to beg and plead with your mother to let you wear this costume. The more she resists, the more you'll gush about just how much you love every scrap of clothing you're wearing. And here's the best part, you'll believe it too. By the time Halloween rolls around, you'll be the sissy in your heart that you're dressed as right now." She smiled at the boy's horrified expression. "Don't worry, the spell will wear off at midnight on Halloween and you'll be embarrassed by how sissy you

were, but back to thinking of yourself as a proper boy." She helped him step down from the stool, smiling as his Mary Janes clicked on the floor. The boy seemed mollified by that, so she saw no reason to mention the other part of the spell to him. Once the spell wore off on him, after all, it would go to work on his mom, making her yearn more and more to keep him as the little sissy he had been for Halloween, and to do whatever necessary to make him into that little sissy, permanently. She chuckled. It never failed. She never cut corners when it meant return customers.